The Spirit of Democracy.

"PRINCIPLES AND MEASURES, AND MEN THAT WILL CARRY THOSE PRINCIPLES AND MEASURES INTO EFFECT."

By James R. Morris. WOODSFIELD, OHIO, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1845. Volume I. Number 52.

THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY
IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,
BY J. R. MORRIS.

TERMS:—$1,50 per annum in advance; $2,00 if paid within six months; $2,50 if paid within the year, and $3,00 if payment be delayed until after the expiration of the year.

☞ No paper will be discontinued, except at the option of the editor, until all arrears are paid.

☞ All communications sent by mail must be post-paid.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the usual rates

POETRY.

CAMPBELL'S FUNERAL.*

BY HORACE SMITH.

'Tis well to see these accidental great,
Noble by birth, or Fortune's favor blind,
Gracing themselves in adding grace and state
To the more noble eminence of mind,
And doing homage to a bard,
Whose breast by nature's gems was starr'd,
Whose patent by the hand of God himself was sign'd.

While monarchs sleep, forgotton unrevered,
Time trims the lamp of intellectual fame.
The builders of the pyramids who reared
Mountains of stone, left none to tell their name,
Though Homer's tomb was never known,
A mausoleum of his own,
Long as the world endures his greatness shall proclaim.

What lauding sepulcre does Campbell want?
'Tis his to give and not derive renown,
What monumental bronze or adamant,
Like his own deathless lays can hand him down?
Poets outlast their tombs; the bust
And statue soon revert to dust;
The dust they represent still wears the laurel crown.

The solid abbey walls that seem time proof,
Form'd to await the final day of doom;
The cluster'd shafts, and arch supported roof,
That now enshrine and guard our Campbell's tomb,
Become a ruin'd shatter'd fane,
May fall and bury him again,
Yet still the bard shall live, his fame-wreath still shall bloom.

Methought the monumental effigies
Of elder poets that were group'd around,
Lean'd from their pedestals with eager eyes,
To peer into the excavated ground,
Where lay the gifted good, and brave,
While earth from Kosciusko's grave,
Fell on his coffin plate with Freedom's shrieking sound.†

And over him the kindred dust was strew'd
Of Poet's Corner. O, misnomer strange!
The poet's confine is the amplitude
Of the whole earth's illimitable range,
O'er which his spirit winged its flight,
Shedding an intellectual light,
A sun that never sets, a moon that knows no change.

Around his grave in radiant brotherhood,
As if to form a halo o'er his head,
Not few of England's master spirits stood,
Bards, artists, sages, reverently led
To waive each separating plea
Of sect, clime, party and degree,
All honoring him on whom Nature all honors shed.

To me, the humblest of the mourning band,
Who knew the bard thro' many a changeful year,
It was a proud, sad privilege to stand
Beside his grave and shed a parting tear.
Seven lustres had he been my friend.
Be that my plea when I suspend
This all-unworthy wreath on such a poet's bier.

* He was buried in Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey, his pall being supported by six noblemen.
† "And freedom shriek'd as Kosciusko fell."
Campbell.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE GOLD CHAIN.
A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF LAFITTE.

BY JAMES REES.

CHAPTER I.—THE PIRATE'S HOME.

The island of Barrataria is associated in history with the name of Lafitte. It was the scene of many of his murders, and the rendezvous of his desperate crew and their wonderful chief. It was also the mart for the sale of negroes, whom he had kidnapped from plantations, or wrested from slave ships by the strong hand of power. Its distance from New Orleans is about fifty-five miles, which gave Lafitte numerous facilities, not only for the purposes of trade, but the means of escape in case of danger. From this point he directed his men; it was here he issued his orders, which carried death and destruction with them, and here he organised his plans and disciplined his numerous spies. Not a vessel ever left the levee of New Orleans but was subject to the closest scrutiny of his emisaries, who, ever bold and trustworthy, seldom, if ever, failed in their means of obtaining information. It is said, and from the writer's knowledge justly too, that there are those living who amassed lordly wealth through the agency of Lafitte; they are pointed out to the stranger as they roll through the streets of New Orleans in their equipages, attended by their liveried slaves, caring little for the way in which it was obtained, nor the quantity of innocent blood shed in its realization. It will be remembered by many, that during the years 1810, '11, and '12, a number of vessels were missing, particularly those which sailed, richly laden, from New Orleans and the West Indies, over whose dark and fearful fate many a tale of blood has been told. These tales have been accompanied with the report of the bright red banner being seen on the high seas, and were not without their foundation in truth.

The loss of the vessel and its cargo would have been but little thought of by men whose active commercial pursuits and wild speculations have taught them to bear up nobly against reverses, but when to such losses was added that of human life, it was a matter for more serious consideration; nor was the government idle in its attempts to subdue this scourge of the sea; but, as it is well known, the desperate character of Lafitte, his tact, his genius, and local advantages, kept his enemies at bay, and on occasions, when almost brought into contact, laughed at them. To show his recklessness, and total disregard of law and its authority, when Gov. Claiborne, of Louisiana, offered a reward of five hundred dollars for the Pirate's head, that bold bucaneer, in his turn, offered a thousand for that of the Governor, and the placards, offering such a reward, were actually posted up in the city of New Orleans. Such was the man who was justly called 'The Terror of the Ocean.'

CHAPTER II.—THE BOARDING HOUSE.

Boarding houses in New Orleans are conducted upon principles differing materially from those of other cities. This arises as much from the fact of the landlady assuming the character of a mother to her boarders, as that of a nurse, and in many cases, physician; to such kindness and attention has many a stranger been indebted for his life, when the fearful scourge which annualy visits that city makes its appearance. Hence it is, that in large boarding houses there exists a sympathy of feeling, which is every way calculated to make one feel at home, though he be among strangers. They seem, as it were, united in one vast family, and in the various amusements in which the boarders indulge, the good landlady and her children are not overlooked—balls, parties, soiress, and the theatre, in all of which the relative position of each, in the great scale of society is sunk, and all are considered equal. Many keepers of boarding houses are, however, of the most respectable character, and of course it is of such we speak.

Widows of eminent men have been known to resort to this mode of supporting themselves and families; the extravagance of the husband having left the wife destitute of every thing but pride and high notions, both of which form the poorest kind of legacies. Boarding houses being looked upon as respectable, when respectable people keep them, pride loses nothing in resorting to such means to support its dignity, and the more ignoble purpose of putting bread into the mouths of its votaries. Many keepers of boarding houses in New Orleans have made fortunes and retired. The widow and daughter of the late General W— kept a boarding house in that city for many years.

In the year 1811, the house of Mrs. Davidge, a widow lady originally from Baltimore, was the centre of attraction to the young men of New Orleans, and strangers who visit in the healthy season. During the winter it was crowded, large parties were frequently given by her boarders, and the lighted halls resounded to merry music, while the joyous laugh of many a happy heart awoke the echo of the noiseless streets. Much of the attractive power of Mrs. Davidge's house might have been, and perhaps very justly, attributed to her charming daughter. Amelia was in the eighteenth year of her age. She was poetically and truly beautiful; her beauty was of that kind best calculated for a southern clime, and for southerners to admire; her hair dark as the raven's wing, which, floating over her neck, fit for a sculptor's model, seemed as if nature had set up a standard of perfection. She was beautiful, and possessed, withal, a mind in every way worthy so pure, holy, and classic a temple. She seemed, indeed, as the poet happily expressed it,

"A beauteous ripple on the brilliant stream."

Her southern life, short as it was, for her mother had only resided in New Orleans about eight or nine years, appeared like a dream. The bright moonlight of the clime had made her romantic. The flashing eyes of the Creoles, and the lightsome notes of flattery, had warmed her into a coquette. Coquettes are not always cold. She was a creature of fancy; her actions were in the impulses of the moment; hence thoughts and words flowed on like the mountain torrent, fearless alike of rocks and their consequences. About the period of which we are now speaking, and while her mother was making arrangements to return to her native city, to live upon the fruits of her industry, Amelia had two suitors; one was a Spanish youth of noble family, rich in his own right, and heir to the title and estates of his ancestry. Adolphus Fernandez came to New Orleans on a visit, boarding with Mrs. Davidge, and, as might have been expected, fell in love with her daughter. The other was a dark, mysterious man, who called himself Gomez. He was a man of Herculean proportions, and apparently about forty years of age; his features were not what might be termed ugly, but were of a peculiar formation, having more of the filling up of the bravo than the simple outline of honesty about them; his conduct was strange, although his manners were those of a gentleman; the mystery that surrounded him was fearful, his appearance always created unpleasant sensations, as if possessed of the fabled "evil eye;" he was wealthy and liberal, and if a suspicion was created against him to-day, it was dispelled on the morrow, for he was frequently seen in company with the most popular men of the city. Mrs. Davidge having arranged her business, had fixed upon a time to start. Now it was that Amelia found it necessary to decide between her two lovers, the young Spaniard, Adolphus, or the dark Gomez.

* * * * * * *

"Say, dearest Amelia, will you be mine?" whispered the first, while he stood beside the object of his affections, on the balcony of her mother's house. "Say, dearest, will you be mine, and on the wings of love I will follow you to your new home. You know I must return to Spain, and then—

"Forget me."

"Never!" exclaimed the impassioned youth; "Oh, Amelia, if you knew how much I love you—if you could feel the pangs which hope and fear have inflicted this heart, in fear of losing you—the word "forget" would not have escaped those lips."

There was a pause. Silence reigned; the silvery moon sailed on; the breeze swept down the street; it was a lovely night. The hands of the lovers were clasped in each other's. The maiden sighed—her fate was sealed.

"Wear this, dearest, for the sake of thy Adolphus," and he placed upon her neck a costly chain of gold.

She stood alone her thoughts bright and glowing—she loved and was beloved—the night air fanned her burning cheek—she was happy.

"So, Miss," hissed a deep voice in her ear, "you have pledged faith to the Spaniard—beware of the Frenchmen!" She started; Gomez stood beside her! "Look to it, proud one, and remember me—LAFITTE."

She uttered a wild and fearful shriek, which was mocked by the fiendish laugh of the Pirate, for such indeed he was, while he carried her senseless into the house.

CHAPTER III.—THE DEPARTURE.

On a bright morning in June, the levee of New Orleans, or rather that portion of it opposite Esplanade street, presented a lively appearance. Several vessels were about to depart down the Mississippi; among them was the brig Dolphin, bound for Baltimore, on board of which was Mrs. Davidge and her family. Numerous friends were leave-taking, as they call it; hands were clasped, and tears were shed, "God bless you!" was uttered a hundred times by as many different voices, but the soft murmur of one voice in the ear of Amelia, "remember me," was, of all others, the most pleasing—perhaps it was the most sincere. The word was given, and the fleet of vessels were "on their winding way." From that bright moment when all was joyous and happy, when the future looked like a stainless mirror in which were reflected all the youthful aspirations of one lovely creature; from that bright hour, when the heart of the young Spaniard beat highest, to this hour—the Dolphin, its passengers and crew have never been heard of—darkness rests upon their fate—but fearful surmises, corroborated by one chain of evidence, create a belief, that their end was of a nature too horrible to dwell upon.

CHAPTER IV.—THE BALL ROOM.

Twelve months after the loss of the brig Dolphin, on a gala night, a ball room in New Orleans, where maskers mostly did congregate, was the scene of much gaity. There is not a people in the world who enjoy themselves more, during the winter season, than do the denizens of that city; that portion of the year, particularly the time of the Carnival, is one continued scene of excitement, and the ball rooms are the temples at whose shrine the gay votaries of fashion delight to worship. There are, in New Orleans, several ball rooms, of distinct and marked characters. Some few are so select that suspicion dare not enter, others are open to all except the quartroon; but the quartroon ball is open to all, without distinction of shade or classification of color; in fact, the latter was, at the period of which we speak, the most frequented. The quartroons are a new distinct class, yet so wild and romantic in their attachments, so passionate withal, that the scenes of their amusements is the centre of attraction to all, nor is the complexion of their beauty lessened by the tincture of blood, which, although it debars their marriage with the creoles, strengthens the tie of love. This period of the history of the place would afford materials for a volume. But to my story.

The place to which we invite the attention of our readers, on this particular night, was what is called the Quartroon Ball Room. It was, and is to this day, the most splendid in the place. Youth and beauty, love and pleasure, reigned throughout; all were happy, for all were pleased. In a corner of the visit saloon, unknown and unnoticed, stood Adolphus Fernandez. The memory of the lost one, so wildly loved, had cast a shade of sorrow over his manly brow. He was drawn to this spot—this scene of festivity and joy, in the vain hope that excitement would crown recollection, but alas!

'Through the shadowy past,
Like a tomb searcher, Memory ran,
Lifting each shroud that time has cast
O'er buried hopes.'

His eyes were fixed on the waltzers, but his thoughts were on the opera, linking in imagination that chainless element to the memory of her he loved, and whom he now mourned. Mechanically his eyes followed the figure of one, simply because there was in her every movement grace and action; the mask, too, was placed so as to show more of the brunette than the quartroon—horror! what meets the eye? what basilisk charm has she about her to cause such a glare in those eyes? He stood petrified, and for a moment the whole scene passed before him like a fabled vision. What was it?

As soon as the dance was over, he sought the figure, and grasping it by the arm with nervous power, he drew it to one of the recesses.

"Speak, on your life, speak the truth; if you prevaricate or attempt to scream—death, aye, death—here, amidst flashing lights and brighter eyes, will be your inevitable doom; I will sheathe this dagger in your heart—scream, it will be your knell for eternity. I am mad, crazed, but one word, speak before reason quits its seat—where—where did you get that chain?"

"This chain?"

"Aye, this chain that I now grasp, and have grasped often before—speak, woman, how came you by it, and who are you? Not a moment's delay!"

"Hush, sir, are there no listeners? This chain is linked with the name of one whom it would be dangerous to repeat here."

"Woman, fiend! torture me not!—how did you come by this chain?"

The maskers gazed around them, there was no one near them, the dagger was still in the hand of the Spaniard, and was so held as to be seen only by herself—his eyes glared wildly upon her with a fearful brightness.

"Draw nearer, sir; let me whisper in your ear. This chain belonged to one—"

"Speak, speak!—what of her! Tell me her fate!"

"Death!—the fate of the passengers and crew of the brig Dolphin."

"Gracious heavens!" murmured he, "and you, who are you? and how came this chain into your possession?"

"It was a present—I am the mistress of Lafitte, the Pirate of the Gulf."

One groan of anguish, and the unfortunate youth fell prostrate at her feet.

"Fool!" muttered a dark figure with a straage mask; "he recognized the chain on your neck. Poor fool!—ha, ha, ha! But I forbid your wearing it out of my sight—if he recovers, and it is pity he should, we are lost." It was Lafitte.

The music ceased, noiseless feet passed over the floor; the lights were extinguished, and all was hushed.—Adolphus Fernandez was a stiffened corpse!

THE WHITE STONE CANOE.

In "Oneota, or the Red Race of America," a work just published by H. R. Schoolcraft, intended to illustrate the history, customs, &c., of the Aborigines, is told the following beautiful tradition, the "Better Land;" of which some gleam exists in the hopes of all nations not totally enveloped in Cimmerian darkness. It is prefaced by this account of Indian story telling:

If a stranger among the Indians happens to be seated with the family in the lodge, (where the lonely wanderer has often found a welcome retreat,) he may sometimes observe a sudden commotion, and find, from the countenances of the family that agreeable news has arrived. "Old ——— has come!" There is general joy. An old Indian enters, enfeebled by years, and no longer able to join the warriors and hunters, now perhaps absent on some dangerous enterprise. He possesses a memory retentive of the traditions of the tribe, and probably an imagination quick at invention or embellishment. As a necessary qualification, he is one of the few well acquainted with his native language. He loves to repeat his tales, and the children dearly love to listen. In the many waste hours of savage life, the mother often realizes the inconvenience of having to provide occupation for unemployed minds; and the story-teller is welcomed by her for the relief he brings.

The old man, seated on the ground, and surrounded by an attentive circle, begins his tale; and as the interest rises, and the narrative requires it, he now changes his tones to imitate different speakers, varies his countenance and attitudes, or moves across the lodge to personate the characters he describes. The mother without disturbance, places the kettle on the fire, and quietly prepares some savory dish to regale the old wanderer at the close of his labors.

Thus, as by the minstrels, bards, and troubadours of former days, and as by the Turkish story-tellers at the present time, the Indians hand down their traditions of different kinds from generation to generation.

THE WHITE STONE CANOE.

There was once a very beautiful young girl, who died suddenly on the day she was to have been married to a handsome young man. He was also brave, but his heart was not proof against this loss. From the hour she was buried, there was no more joy or peace for him. He went often to visit the spot where the women had buried her, and sat musing there, when, it was thought by some of his friends, he would have done better to try to amuse himself in the chase, or by diverting his thoughts in the war path. But war and hunting had both lost their charms for him. His heart was already dead within him. He pushed aside both his war-club and his bow and arrows.

He had heard the old people say, that there was a path, that led to the land of souls, and he determined to follow it. He accordingly set out, one morning after having completed his preparations for the journey. At first he hardly knew which way to go. He was only guided by the tradition that he must go south. For a while, he could see no change in the face of the country. Forests, and hills and valleys, and streams had the same looks, which they wore in his native place. There was snow on the ground when he set out, and it was sometimes seen to be piled and matted on the thick trees and bushes. At length, it began to diminish, and finally disappeared. The forest assumed a more cheerful appearance, the leaves put forth their buds, and before he was aware of the completeness of the change, he found himself surrounded by spring. He had left behind him the land of snow and ice. The air became mild, the dark clouds of winter had rolled away from the sky; a pure field of blue was above him, and as he went he saw flowers beside his path, and heard the songs of birds. By these signs he knew that he was going the right way, for they agreed with the tradition of his tribe. At length he spied a path. It led him through a grove, then up a long and elevated ridge, on the very top of which he came to a lodge. At the door stood an old man, with white hair, whose chain on your neck. Poor fool!—ha, eyes, though deeply sunk, had a fiery brilliancy. He had a long robe of skins, thrown loosely around his shoulders, and a staff in his hands.

The young Chippewayan began to tell his story, but the venerable chief arrested him, before he proceeded to speak ten words. I have expected you, he replied, and had just risen to bid you welcome to my abode. She, whom you seek, passed here but a few days since, and being fatigued with her journey, rested herself here. Enter my lodge and be seated, and I will then satisfy your inquiries, and give you directions for your journey from this point. Having done this, they both issued forth to the lodge door. "You see yonder gulf, said he, and the wide stretching blue plains beyond. It is the land of souls. You stand upon its borders, and my lodge is the gate of entrance. But you cannot take your body along. Leave it here with your bow and arrows, your bundle and your dog. You will find them safe on your return." So saying, he re-entered the lodge, and the freed traveller bounded forward, as if his feet had suddenly been endowed with the power of wings. But all things retained their natural color and shapes. The woods and leaves, and streams and lakes, were only more bright and comely than he had ever witnessed. Animals bounded across his path, with a freedom and a confidence which seemed to tell him there was no blood shed here. Birds of beautiful plumage inhabited the groves, and sported in the waters. There was but one thing, in which he saw a very unusual effect. He noticed that his passage was not stopped by trees or other objects. He appeared to walk directly through them. They were, in fact, but the souls of shadows of material trees. He became sensible that he was in a land of shadows.—When he had travelled half a day's journey, through a country which was continually becoming more attractive, he came to the banks of a broad lake, in the centre of which was a large and beautiful island. He found a canoe of shining white stone, tied to the shore. He was now sure he had come the right path, for the aged man had told him of this. There were also shining paddles. He immediately entered the canoe, and took the paddles in his hands, when to his joy and surprise, on turning round, he beheld the object of his search in another canoe, exactly its counterpart in every thing. She had exactly imitated his notions, and they were side by side. They at once pushed out from shore and began to cross the lake. Its waves seemed to be rising, and at a distance looked ready to swallow them up; but just as they entered the whitened edge of them, they seemed to melt away, as if they were but the images of waves. But no sooner was one wreath of foam passed, than another, more threatening still, rose up. Thus they were in perpetual fear; and what added to it, was the clearness of the water, through which they could see heaps of beings who had perished before, and whose bones lay strewed on the bottom of the lake. The Master of Life had, however, decreed to let them pass, for the actions of neither of them had been bad. But they saw many others struggling and sinking in the waves. Old men and young men, males and females, of all ages and ranks, were there; some passed, and some sank. It was only the little children whose canoes seemed to meet no waves. At length, every difficulty was gone, as in a moment, and they both leapt out on the happy island. They felt that the very air was food. It strengthened and nourished them. They wandered together over the blissful fields, where every thing was formed to please the eye and the ear.—There were no tempests—there was no ice, no chilly winds—no one shivered for the want of warm clothes: no one suffered for hunger—no one mourned for the dead. They saw no graves. They heard of no wars. There was no hunting of animals; for the air itself was their food. Gladly would the young warrior have remained there forever, but he was obliged to go back for his body. He did not see the Master of Life, but he heard his voice in a soft breeze. "Go back," said this voice, "to the land from whence you came. Your time has not yet come. The duties for which I made you, and which you are to perform, are not yet finished. Return to your people, and accomplish the duties of a good man. You will be the ruler of your tribe for many days. The rules you must observe, will be told you by my messsenger, who keeps the gate. When he surrenders back your body, he will tell you what to do. Listen to him, and you shall afterwards rejoin the spirit, which you must now leave behind. She is accepted and will be ever here, as young and as happy as she was when I first called her from the land of snows." When this voice ceased, the narrator awoke. It was the fancy work of a dream, and he was still in the bitter land of snows, and hunger and tears.